For when our souls have learnd the heat to bear
The cloud will vanish we shall hear his voice
Saying: come out from the grove my love & care
And round my golden tent like lambs rejoice.
Thus did my mother say and kissed me
And thus I say to little English boy.
When I from black and he from white cloud free
And round the tent of God like lambs we joy:
Ill shade him from the heat till he can bear
To lean in joy upon our fathers knee
And then Ill stand and stroke his silver hair
And be like him and he will then love me.